

MCGOVERN WINS THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL CONTEST. NOW LET COLUMBIA BEAT SHAMROCK FOR THE CUP.

**JIMENEZ'S ENTRY
A BOSS'S TRIUMPH.**

Welcomed to Santo Domingo City with Great Festivals.

FAMINE IN THE ISLAND.

Provisions Are Scarce and Ships from New York Are Anxiously Awaited.

SANTO DOMINGO, Sept. 12.
—J. J. J. J.

Jimenez, the aspirant to the Presidency of Santo Domingo, arrived here this morning on board the Dominican war ship Presidente.

His arrival was the occasion of great festivals and expressions of satisfaction. It is not known as yet when the election will take place.

At present the country is quiet. The financial situation of the Government, the paper money being one of the principal causes of the bad condition of affairs.

Business is still very much depressed. Imports are very limited and the market is bare of many articles, principally provisions. News about the departure of a Clyde line steamer from New York is anxiously awaited, owing to the scarcity of supplies.

Senator Jimenez has issued his manifesto to the people.

Paris, Sept. 12.—It is authoritatively denied that the Credit Lyonnais has offered to loan Jimenez, the aspirant to the Presidency of Santo Domingo, \$2,000,000. The story is said to be entirely without foundation.

**AGENT OF WEYLER IS
LYNCHED IN CUBA.**

Relatives of Those Whom He Had Persecuted Take Law Into Their Own Hands.

Havana, Sept. 10.—Jose Fernandez Lo-brega, a Spaniard, who has been an agent of General Weyler, and who had been accused of attacking defenceless women and killing children, arrived at San Antonio de los Baños, Cuba, his appearance was the signal for a gathering of relatives and friends of those whom he was charged with having formerly persecuted.

The excitement continued throughout the day and at about midnight a large crowd surrounded the house where he was stopping and began to threaten him. He attempted to escape and on meeting the demonstrators he was killed by a shot from them, wounding two persons. The crowd then closed in and captured him, and he was lynched in the public square.

**BRAZIL IS BOYCOTTING
THREE EUROPEAN POWERS.**

Places Export Tax on Coffee Sent to France, Germany or Italy, Three Times Greater Than Its Value.

Rio de Janeiro, Sept. 12.—The Permanent Committee on Tariffs of the Chamber of Deputies has reported in favor of an export duty on coffee to France, Germany and Italy, three times greater than the value of the article.

The Customs House proposes a movable tariff in favor of nations making concessions favorable to Brazil, to tax grain 100 per cent, tobacco 120 per cent, and other commodities in the case of all nations entering Brazil, proving their place of origin.

The National Society of Agriculture will send to the Commercial Museum of Philadelphia 1899-1900, the products and signs of the qualities of Virginia, Havana, Sumatra, Barbados and other places.

**SIXTEEN PLAYERS QUALIFY
FOR THE LENOX GOLF CUP.**

Lenox, Mass., Sept. 12.—Today's play in the Lenox Golf Club's tournament, the opening round for the Lenox Cup, which is played annually on the Lenox links. The conditions were 36 holes, medal play, the best 18 scores to qualify for the match play on Wednesday.

Those who qualified and their scores were: L. Laroque, Shinnecock Club, 160; Chester Grosvenor, B. R. R. Golf Club, 170; C. Cook, Point Judith, 172; Percy Haughton, Brookline, 177; D. W. Bishop, Jr., Lenox, 180; Samuel D. Prothingham, Jr., Lenox, 180; Alexander Norton, Westchester, 178; H. B. Burr, Arden, 180; H. W. Allen, Lenox, 180; B. R. R. Golf Club, 182; J. B. Swan, Stockbridge, 180; W. H. Mackay, Lenox, 180; Grenville Kane, Tuxedo, 180; C. L. Trevell, Oakley, 180; D. T. Dana, Lenox, 180; Walter L. Outtine, Pittsfield, 187.

The twenty-nine who failed to qualify will play a consolation cup tomorrow.

The drawing for the Lenox Cup will be played to-morrow as follows: Kane vs. Mackay, Swan vs. Norton, Cook vs. Allen, Trevell vs. Grosvenor, Haughton vs. Dana, Bishop vs. Laroque, Corey vs. Cutting, Burr vs. Prothingham.

**PRIZE WINNERS OF THE
NEW BRUNSWICK GOLF CUP.**

The winners of the cups at the New Brunswick Golf Club, which has just closed its season, were:

Miss Helen Williamson won the women's cup and J. Bayard Kirkpatrick, Jr. the men's. The consolation prize won by Miss Laura Kirkpatrick and J. R. Morgan was a silver box and a silver match safe.

Mild Form of Plague in Portugal.
Oporto, Sept. 12.—There has been one more death from the plague, but the situation is unchanged. Dr. Irving, an American, pronounced the plague to be of a mild form.

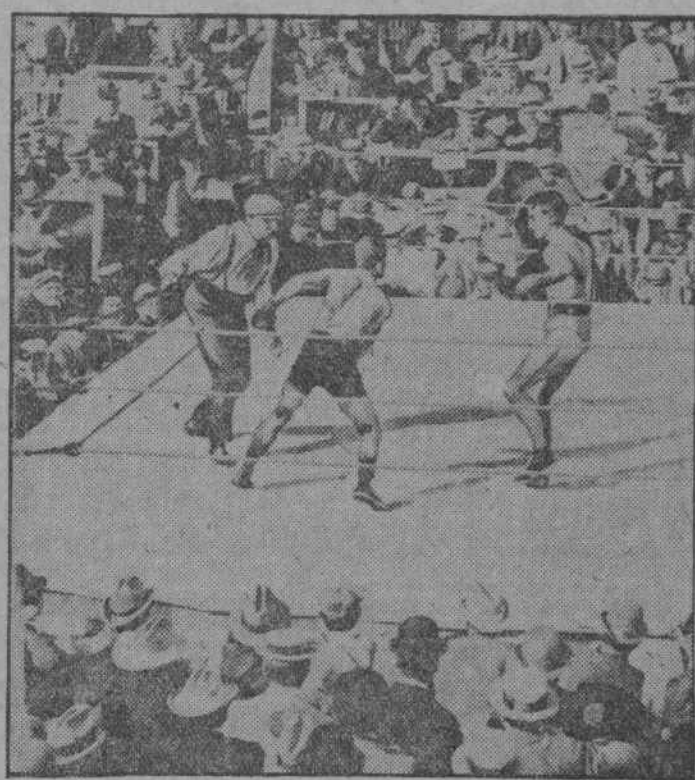
A Travelling United States Court.
The United States Court of the Northern District of the Indian Territory is probably the only travelling court, including the court room and all things and persons connected with it, in existence. In the United States, United States Commissioner Harry Jennings, United States Marshal L. E. Bennett, and United States Assessor J. A. adopted this novel plan of travelling over the district and holding court at several different places, the object of it being to place the district as heretofore. The Northern District of the Indian Territory is large and the towns are far apart, so that it is very hard for persons to travel to and fro to attend court, as well as expensive.

Commissioner Jennings has had a small house built on wheels, which, resembling a mover's outfit, in which they travel, and also in which they hold court in the various towns over the district. They carry cooking utensils with them and have an expert cook who prepares their meals, and also a servant who keeps their house in order.

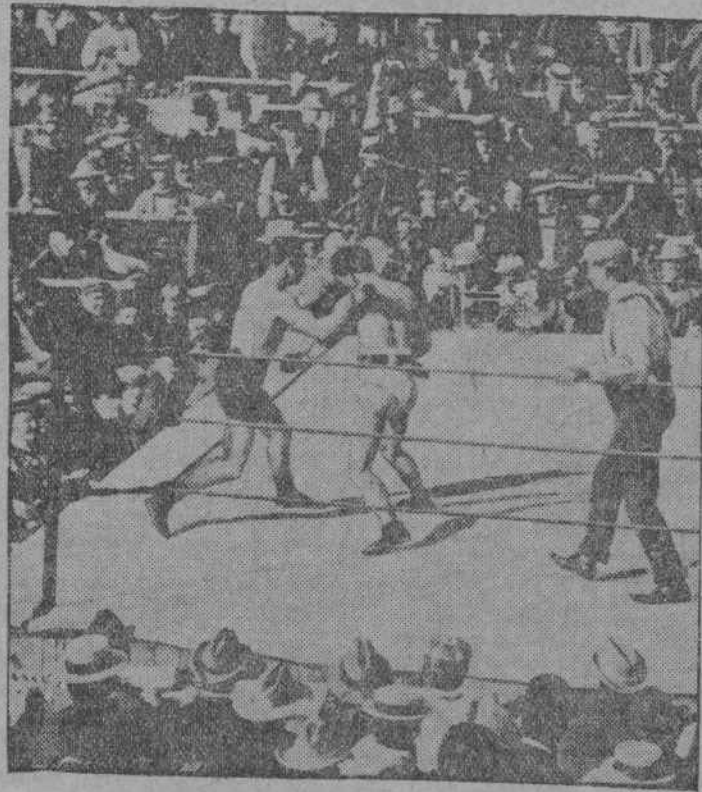
They go from place to place, wherever they are wanted, and they claim that they have saved the people considerable money, as it is much less expensive for the court to travel than for the people to travel in their own conveyances.

Criminals can be reached more conveniently in this manner, as it is often dangerous to conduct criminals from town to town without a heavy guard, as their allies may attempt to rescue them. The travelling court of the Indian Territory is a success and the people of that district are well pleased with it.—Boston Herald.

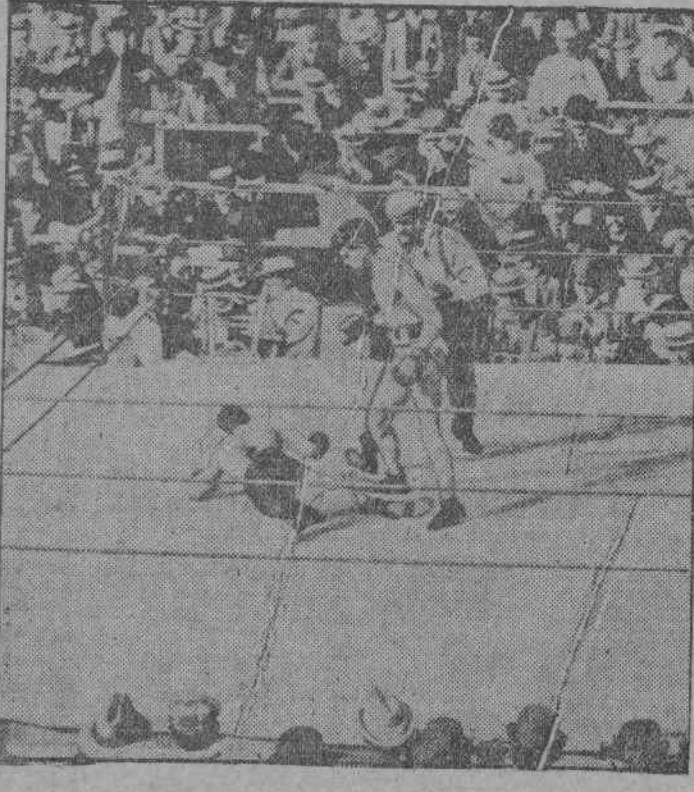
British India Drought Broken.
Simla, British India, Sept. 12.—There has been a good rainfall over Madras, Bombay and the Deccan, and the wheat situation elsewhere is unchanged.



PALMER MISSES A RIGHT SWING.



FIRST KNOCK DOWN FOR MCGOVERN.



PALMER BEING COUNTED OUT.

British Champion Lasts Only Two Minutes and Thirty-two Seconds Against the Brooklyn Man.

A Right Swing to the Jaw in the First Round of the Fight Sends Pedlar Palmer Down Dazed, to Be Counted Out.

"STEADY! boy, steady!" said Terry McGovern, smilingly, as Pedlar Palmer was crawling up his anatomy after they had been fighting about a minute at Tuckahoe yesterday afternoon. "Steady there, old man."

Saying which he pushed his left hand against Mr. Palmer's shoulder, straightened him around, and as soon as he had reached and upright position, smote him a right hand blow on the abdomen that made the young fighter from England wish he had never seen the ocean.

It was the beginning of the end. One minute and thirty-two seconds later Palmer was rolling like a porpoise on the canvas floor, while McGovern was waving a joyous hand to his wife, who had been watching the contest from the window of a house across the road from the arena.

Young Mr. Palmer came over here to put out young Mr. McGovern and incidentally earn large quantities of money. Against the advice of his trainers and friends he started in to beat the South Brooklyn boy from the sound of the gong. He depended on his superior hitting powers to smother the American.

The McGoverns allowed Mr. Palmer to smite him as often as he wanted to, but for every smite he got he sent seven in return. Sporting gentlemen who paid \$15 for box seats got, in consequence, the quickest return for their money on record.

It was a good betting fight, thousands of dollars changing hands at odds of 100 to 50 and 100 to 75.

Nine Thousand See the Fight.
About nine thousand men gathered at the ring-side to see the contest. It was the biggest crowd, the most decisive fight, the best all-around occasion from a sporting standpoint since the day when Robert Fitzsimmons met and conquered James Corbett in the shadow of the snow-clad mountains of Nevada. The scene was picturesque to a degree.

The Westchester Athletic Club has built a stout stockade about two city blocks square. In the middle is a ring. About the ring are the press seats. Back of the press seats are the boxes and the reserved seats. Back of these, rising abruptly are the seats for the sporting individuals who cannot afford to pay more than \$3 for a ticket. These seats rise to the top of the stockade.

When the fight was scheduled to begin yesterday afternoon, and covered the ring in the northeast corner of the enclosure was occupied. The prejudice against the American was not so strong as it was in the days of the past. The stockade held 10,500 people and there was within 15,000 of that number present when the little fellows engaged.

Special trains from Grand Central Station carried the met and covered the Tuckahoe Station to the stockade the road winds toward it. It looked like a baseball park. The facilities for admitting the spectators are not of the best, but men who attend prize fights are willing to put up with anything. Once inside there is no discomfort. The air is pure, the sun is bright yesterday, and about the top of the fence could be seen the foliage of trees, decorated with small boys.

Mrs. McGovern at a Window.
A window of a house to the south of the stockade, commanding a view of the ring, was occupied by Mrs. McGovern, young Terry McGovern, the fighter's infant, and a party of friends.

To the south of the ring, about half way up the bank of seats, was the moving picture machine, in a house made of tarred paper. On top of the house were read newspaper photographers, ready to begin business. In the boxes were the elite of the sporting profession of this and other large cities.

McGovern was the first to make his appearance. He came in by the southeast gate and walked around to the northwest corner of the enclosure, attended by his retinue. His boy brother, who was second, followed him. Another popular flag was the emblem of Ireland. The old idol of the prize ring was counted to take off his hat, so insistent were the plaudits that greeted him. Mr. Sullivan wore a shirt with black and white stripes, cut low in the neck and studded with diamonds. He was followed by Tom Sharkey, who wore a small red necktie, a diamond stud in a negligee shirt and a prosperous-looking cigar.

Bob Fitzsimmons appeared next, then Kid McCoy and lastly, when the band began playing the "Mickey," James J. Corbett appeared. In point of diamond and conventional splendor he was second only to Mr. Sharkey in all the vast assemblage. Taking position in line with the men, Mr. Corbett let go of the gong and called the round when it was not half over, but Referee Siler kept them going and the accident had no effect on the result. Mr. Palmer was a time-keeper, has no license to

**MCGOVERN IS READY
TO MEET ALL COMERS.**

THE contest ended just as I expected. I never was so confident of success in any of my battles. I knew it was only a question of time and waited for the opportunity.

Palmer may be a clever fighter, but I reached him at every attempt.

After I had landed a left swing early in the fight, I knew the money was mine, and I didn't take any chances.

I am now the champion, and am ready to defend my title against all comers. I will rest for a few months and will accept Dixon's challenge to fight for \$5,000 a side.

**TERRY MCGOVERN,
Champion Bantam Weight of the World.**

wear medals, for he had made a similar mistake before. After McGovern staid the English boy and forced him the blow in the stomach, spoken of earlier. It was all over. Palmer was outfought, outpunched, outmaneuvered. Alongside of the Brooklyn boy fought like an amateur. Had he kept away and fought cautiously he might have made a better showing.

His reputed marvellous hitting powers did not put any wells on the team McGovern, who took them with the equality that the average man displays when he takes the walling the floor with the big fellow and Palmer to the floor. The English boy carried away to Sunday school.

As the English champion was staidly walking the floor with the big fellow and Palmer to the floor. The English boy carried away to Sunday school.

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**PALMER PRAISES HIS
CLEVER CONQUEROR.**

THE result of my contest with Terry McGovern yesterday was a great disappointment, but I have no excuse to offer for my defeat.

I was defeated fairly and squarely by a great little fighter, who is a match for any man at his weight.

I do not believe I have had a chance to do my best in this country, but it's all in the game.

When I entered the ring yesterday I was confident of winning, and expected to carry off the honors before the limit. The unexpected came, however, when I thought I was gaining my point.

If the contest had gone several rounds I think I would have made a better showing. I will sail for home to-day to meet Will Curley in London.

McGovern was the better man in yesterday's battle, and is entitled to all the credit due him. **PEDLAR PALMER.**

danced away. McGovern tried a right uppercut for the face. Palmer was too quick to take it, but jumped in with a left for the body. He missed, and slipped to his knees in the effort.

As he arose, Palmer went at McGovern and there was a great mixup. Each man used both hands on face and body. McGovern's blows on the body were effective. Once, when Palmer was swinging for the head, Palmer came back with a half left swing from behind his head and caught McGovern.

At the end of about half a minute the timekeeper allowed the handle of the gong to slip through his fingers, and the bell first for the uppercut, and Palmer's.

On behalf of George Dixon Tom O'Sullivan changed the winner to fight for \$5,000. Charlie Harvey announced that

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McGovern Is Now the World's Bantam Weight Champion and is Ready to Meet All Comers.

The Victor Tells the Journal That His First Blow Won Him the Battle---Betting Was Heavy, with the Winner Favorite.

They met in the course of a few minutes and engaged in conversation.

"Are you going to challenge the winner?" asked the veteran boss of candlestick.

"I'll fight either of 'em if they'll come to one weight," responded Sharkey.

"Getting sarcastic, are you?" ventured Tony.

"Say, Mr. Pastor," said Sharkey, earnestly, "I'm sorry to hear you say that. On the level, I believe I do stack up with any body on the lot when it comes to clothes."

"Why, Tom?" assured Tony. "I didn't accuse you of having a swelled head. I simply said that you were sarcastic."

"Oh!" said the squatty fighter, "then it's all right. I believe I do stack up with any body on the lot when it comes to clothes."

unprepossessing little hunter treated the local boxoffice in a scandalously burglarious manner.

**MANY FAMILIAR FACES
SEEN AT THE RINGSIDE.**

AMONG some of the well-known sport'ng men who witnessed the fight were:

Honest John Kelly, John L. Sullivan, Dr. Ordway, Al Smith, Billy Hayes, Ed. Kearney, Congressman W. L. Ward, Charles Thayer, T. D. Harper, W. S. Eley, Walter Murphy, George Maxwell, Jim Corbett, Archie Bell, Tony Pastor, Tom Sharkey, Manny Frenkel, Fred Gerkin, Ed. Alderman, Johnny Lang, Phil. Herlich, Jim Walker, Martin Dowling, George Condit, Billy Moulden, Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Fitzpatrick, Lew Morris, Jerry Moran, Fred Hock, Eddie Joli, Al. Herich, Jack Kilrain, Ernie Gebhard, Frank Erne, Professor Mike Donovan, Herman Miller, Jim Kennedy, George Dixon, Jack McAuliffe, Dave Herley, Charlie White, "Kid" McCoy, Police Captain Price, Billy Cox and Jimmy Westcott.

**LEDERER "LOSES" HIS
WATCH AT THE FIGHT.**

IF George W. Lederer desires to recover the watch he lost on the way to the fight he might be able to do business with young "Markie" Mayer, these two, with Marcus R. Mayer, "Plunger" Walton, Frank McKee, Otis Harlin, Melville Stoltz and others were waiting for a train in Grand Central station.

"Button up your coats," said Marcus Mayer, "I see blazes in the crowd."

"Pooh!" said George Lederer, "I was never touched in my life."

"Excuse me, George," remarked "Markie" Mayer, "but there is some egg on your chin."

With that he lifted Mr. Lederer's chin with his left hand and with his right he

Although from the ringside the windows are not in sight, every action of the fighters could be seen from the cottage.

Terry's young and comely wife selected the window furthest west as her point of vantage before the battle began. She stood on a chair and leaned on the window frame.

At the first feinting she gave a cry of horror and turned away for an instant. Then she again turned to the scene of the fray.

With every blow struck she gasped. When the final clash was over and the vanquished Britisher lay helpless on the mat Mrs. McGovern jumped to the floor, exclaiming joyously: "Terry's won! Terry's won!"

She rushed over, and grasping the little hair from his nurse's arms at another window, she hugged him until he remonstrated vociferously, railing kisses on his plump cheeks and black head at the same time.

Americans have a champion whom they can feel proud of.—James J. Corbett, in a statement to the Journal.

"Lifted" the Casino manager's watch. When Mr. Lederer missed his timepiece on the train he made a noise as voluminous as that resulting from a hand competition. To him the fight was a sad affair. At this writing "Markie" Mayer has the watch and nobody else has said anything.

**YOUNG SPORT AWES THE
PAT DEPUTY SHERIFF.**

THE funniest thing about the fight was the deputy sheriff with the white and black check pantaloons and the Weber & Fields's derby hat. After Palmer had been knocked out the fat deputy sheriff was assigned to drive back the souvenir hunter, who hankered for pieces of the floral horsehoe.

A young man with a protruding chin and a retreating forehead was pursuing a tumultuous course to the centre of the ring when the fat deputy stopped him.

"Get out o' here. They ain't no more flowers."

"They ain't, nint they?" queried his vis-avis, scornfully. "Well, they will be. Mike, if you don't duck to one side th' wilkest you ever dicked, they'll be a nice blue flower growin' on your right eye."

The deputy stepped to one side, while the

**TOM SHARKEY LOSES
TONY PASTOR'S JOKE.**

TONY PASTOR, wearing a yachting cap, was an early arrival. He was followed soon after by the resplendent Mr. Sharkey.

Palmer was the first to lead, and let go a left for the body, from which McGovern

McGovern waited for him, and suddenly